

TRUE TO THE FLAG



Marching-Song

Words by
EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON

Music by
IRÉNÉE BERGÉ

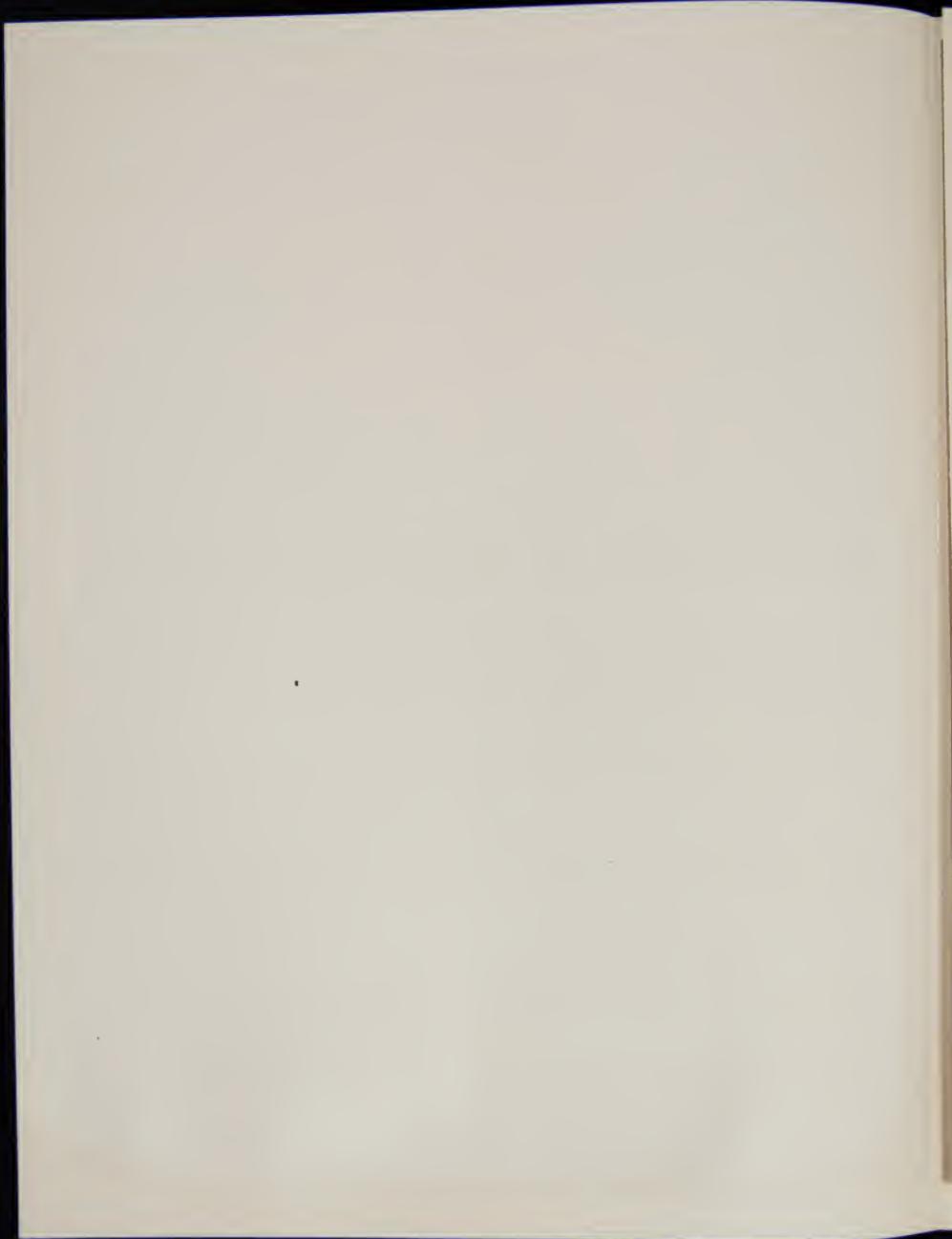
*Awarded first prize in the N. Y. Herald
National Patriotic and March Song Contest*

High in C

Low in B \flat

Price, 60 cents net

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True to the Flag

Marching Song

Edith Sanford Tillotson

Irénée Bergé

Martial, lively

Voice

Piano

1. O - ver our land in beau - ty it flies, The
 2. Nev - er de -feat our ban - ner shall bear, But
 3. "True to the flag" the watch - word shall sound, Wher -

star - span - gled ban - ner of the free, Fair - est of all it ap -
 al - ways un - con - quer'd it shall be; Ar - my and na - vy to -
 ev - er a pa - triot soul shall dwell; We who be -neath it our

pears to our eyes, The sign and the sym - bol of our lib - er - ty.
geth - er de - clare, Its stars shall for - ev - er shine in vic - to - ry.
free - dom have found, Must hon - or and la - bor for it long and well.

mf

Striped with the morn - ing light, Starred with the
Sol - - dier and sail - or brave Per - ished, those
May we for - ev - er be One, in our

cresc.

f

gems of night, Long may it wave on high, Un - der a smil-ing sky,
stars to save; Guard it from trai-tor plot, Guard it from trea-son's blot,
loy - al - ty, True to the flag a - bove, True to the land we love,

f

Chorus

Wave to up-hold the right.
Long let the col - ors wave.
Wor - thy our lib - er - ty.

1-3. Then true to the flag let the

na - tion stand, Aye true to the flag, all this whole fair land; For our

hope and need we can plain - ly read In its red, white and blue. The

cresc.

red blood of man-hood and loy-al youth, The white bar of hon-or and

ff

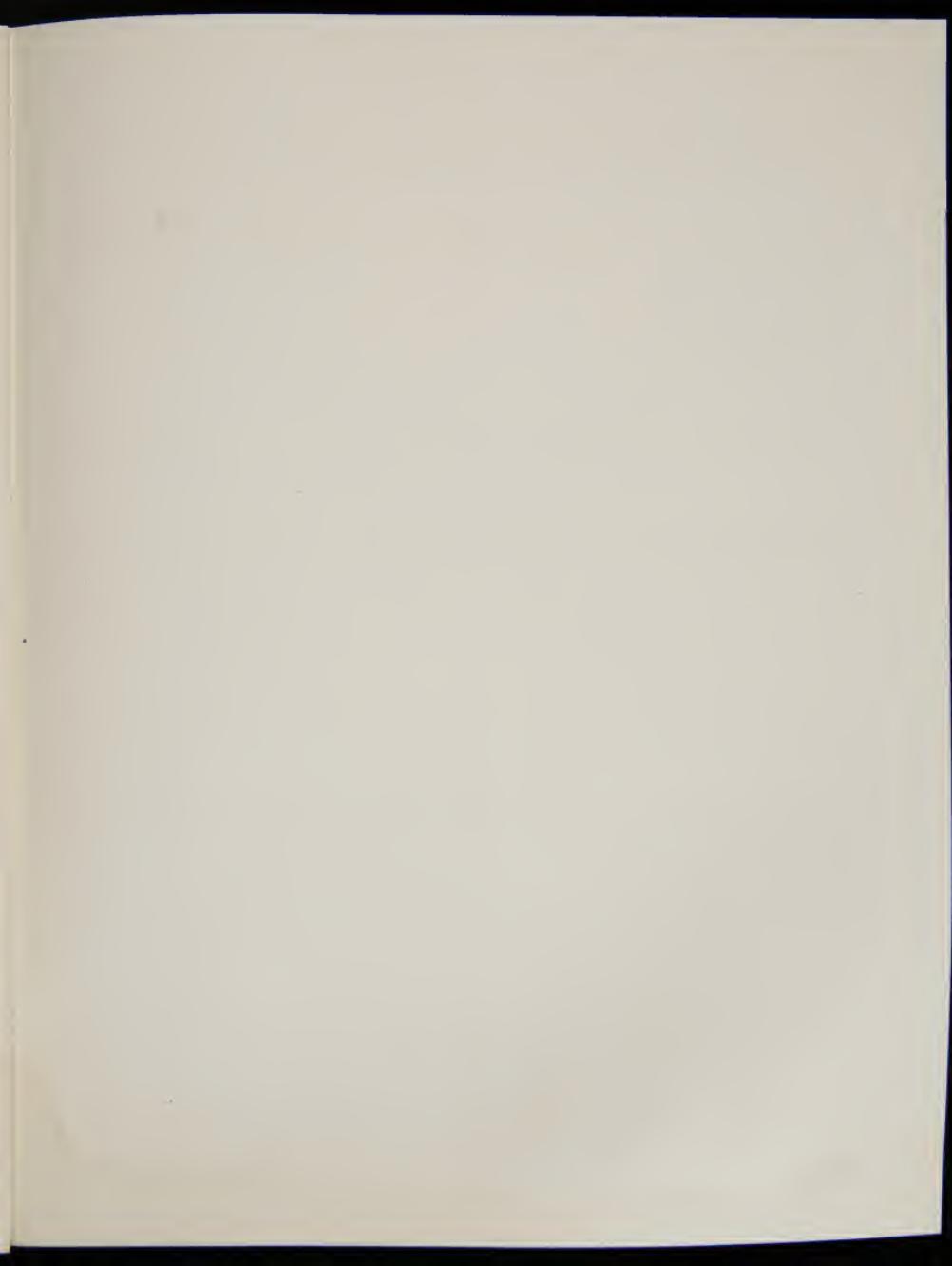
cresc.

stain-less truth, The star of glo-ry, that spar-kles in the blue: To the

ff

flag we must be true.

f





NEW YORK G. SCHIRMER BOSTON

An
IRRESISTIBLE
CALL
to the
ALLIANCE
of
NATIONS



*The BATTLE CALL
of ALLIANCE*

Music by
Reginald de Koven

Awake! Awake! The winds of dawn
Blow fire across the world;
The ships go forth where dangers spawn
And coils of death are curled;
And souls of men go forth with them
And hearts of men aspire,
New kindled by the ancient flame
Of man's immortal fire.

Words by
Percy Mackaye

Arise! Renew with nobler dreams
The faith we name our own;
The bugle calls to vaster schemes
Which God hath dreamed alone.
To save a planet's liberties
He joineth now our hands,
With brothers fighting over-seas
Among the ruin'd lands.

To arms! To arms for freedom,
And end the reign of czars!
America, America
Unfurls her flaming stars!
To arms! To arms for freedom,
And end the reign of czars!
America, America
Unfurls her flaming stars!

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Boston